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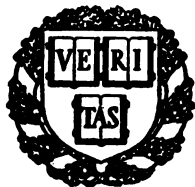
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6

H O U R S

I N T H E B O W E R S .

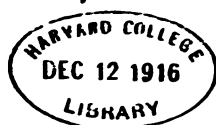
POEMS, &c.

BY SAMUEL BAMFORD.

MANCHESTER:
PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR, BY J. P. JENNINGS AND
H. COWDROY, MARKET-PLACE.

1834.

57735.29
~~29435.29~~



Hayes fund

PREFACE.

This book consisting of a selection of pieces from the Author's published and original compositions, is presented to his country, and he awaits its opinion as to the merits or demerits of the work, with the deepest interest, and the most profound and respectful attention. So circumstanced, it is not for him to anticipate either objections or commendations; his feelings admonish him, that in such a case, silence is most expressive. But there is one subject, to which it seems necessary that he should briefly advert. It will be observed that two of the poems were written in separate prisons, and some of his readers may wish to know how he became so situated; he has therefore to state, that, when in 1817, the Habeus Corpus Act was suspended, he was arrested on suspicion of high treason, conveyed to London, and lodged in Coldbath-Fields Prison, where the Eclogue was written: that after being frequently produced before the Privy Council, he was discharged, nothing being found against him; that shortly after the Manchester Meeting, in August, 1819, he was again arrested on a charge of high treason, and conveyed to Lancaster Castle, where he pleaded "not guilty" to an indictment for a misdemeanour; that he was afterwards tried at York, with Hunt and others, and being found guilty, was sentenced

PREFACE.

at the Court of King's Bench, the Easter Term following, to twelve months imprisonment in Lincoln Castle, where the "Hymn to Hope" was written: then in short, he has been confined in a greater number of English Prisons, for the cause of freedom, (by which he means reform,) than any other Englishman living.

Then chide not his impetuous strain
About the oppressors of our land;
His limbs have borne their heavy chain,
Their fetters, too, have gall'd his hand,
And twice accused did he stand,
Of treason against the sovereign king.
When falsehood failed, he did demand
Justice for his imprisoning;—
Justice?—Ah! there was no such thing.

The work would have appeared at a season more unison with the title, but circumstances had to contend with which could not be speedily overcome. The publication therefore takes place in the sombre days of October, instead of the all-enlivening and sunny ones of May. There is, however, a melancholy coincidence betwixt the Author's present feelings, and the aspects of the ruined bowers; he sympathizes with their desolate appearance, whilst he deeply laments a bereavement, which has brought the tones of sorrow (mournful as the night wind) to his humble hearth. The being at whose behest nature droops in her solitudes, has withered the only young hope which clung around his heart.

Middleton, Oct. 25th, 1835.

HOURS IN THE BOWERS.



A VIEW FROM THE TANGLE HILLS,

In the month of May.

The eye of the morning is open wide,
And the sun comes up from the heaving tide
That rolls at the foot of his burning throne,
The girdle of regions that are not known,
And the bright clouds are lying all tranquilly
Like islands of glory far away,
And the wan moon is hung in the deep abyss,
Like something lost from the realms of bliss;
She leans on her lurid and waning side,
As if she were seeking her face to hide
From the light intense, and the amber glare,
That flash from the God in the eastern air.

Over the earth as mine eye is cast,
 The mists of the morning away have pass'd ;
 The moorlands dark and far are seen ;
 The pastures are mantled all in green ;
 The trees are adorn'd with spicy buds,
 Like scattered gems on the sunbright woods,
 Whilst down in the dell doth the rindle spring,
 Glimmering dimly and murmuring,
 Where pebbles are dark and waters clear,
 As a sloe-black eye and a pearly tear ;
 And the woodbine is hung over that pale gleam,
 And the green moss is creeping towards the stream
 And the tall oaks are up at the light of day,
 And waving aloft where the breezes play.

And lo! what a world is before me spread,
 From the fringed dell to the mountain head,
 From the spangled turf whereon I stand,
 To the bend of heaven and the verge of land.
 Like an ocean cradle deep it lies—
 To the right, to the left dark hills arise,
 And Blackston-Edge in his sunless pride,
 Doth York from Lancaster divide,—
 Whilst, on to the south if away we bear,
 Oh what shall bar our progress there ?
 Nought, save the blending of earth and sky
 Dim and afar as eternity.

But where the vision begins to fail,
 There seem to be hills of a cloudy pale :
 And then comes a track of level land,
 As if rolled flat by a mighty hand,
 And the kindling smoke of a waking town,
 And meadows sheen, and mosses brown,
 And windows glitt'ring in the light,
 And a long canal, like a streamlet bright,
 And the park erst famed for bowmen's play,
 And the lordly dome of the noble Grey,
 And the vale where Assheton dwelt of yore,
 And the hall which Radcliffe knows no more.

What mountain is yonder so dark and cold ?
 A spirit hath said "I am Oaphin of old,—(Note 1)
 I am Oaphin of old, erst the dwelling place
 Of the British as well as the Roman race.
 I have glens that are deep, I have moorlands wide,
 Which I give to thy gaze on the Yorkshire side,
 I have vallies all shining, and waters dumb,
 And caverns and rocks where thou dardest not come.
 I can point to the path which the Romans made,
 To the forts where their summer camps have stay'd,
 And altars and symbols are still to be seen,
 The relics of nations that once have been,
 That once have been, and that are no more ;
 For one is dust on the Adrian shore,

Of one doth a remnant alone remain,
In the land where their fathers held their reign.
Oh daughter of Cambria ! lone and fair,
With thine harp that is mute and thy flowing hair,
And thy cheek so pale, and thy sad look cast,
Whence freedom and glory for ever have past ;
It is but a cloud that is floating by,
Llewellyn's bright banner no more will fly,
It is not the shout of thine armed men,
Rushing with Glendouer to battle again,
But from thine ocean that cannot abide,
Ariseth the roar of the boiling tide ;
And, 'stead of the song of thine olden day,
Comes the moan of the winds as they hurry away.

SONG.

LOVELY MARY.

TUNE.—“*Gloomy Winter's now awa.*”

Would ye view a bonny lass,
 That all others doth surpass?
 Come with me and take a glass,
 And look at lovely Mary.
 Dare ye venture near a snare,
 A nymph seducing! Syren fair!
 Eyes of jet, and raven hair;
 This is lovely Mary.

Rubies on her lips are seen,
 Pearly white her teeth between,
 Oh she is a very queen,—
 Soul-subduing Mary.
 Music in her voice doth flow,
 Bosom white as mountain snow,
 Further charms I dare not know,
 Lest I die for Mary.

Smileth she, it is a smile
 All my woe away to wile;
 Can I think of care and toil
 When before my Mary?

10

Angel sent from Heaven high,
Venus in her majesty,
Beauty, love, and purity,
Is my charming Mary.

Flow'rs may wave in meadow sheen,
Birds may sing in woodland green,
How imperfect is the scene,
If without my Mary.
Gem of love and life to me !
Genius of my destiny !
Shall I live, and not for thee ?
Never, dearest Mary.

S O N G .

THE SERENADE.

TUNE.—“*Lie still, my dear shepherd, and do not rise yet.*”

The grey dawn of morning is spreading on high,
And Venus is glowing so bright in the sky,
The cattle are lowing, the tender lambs bleat ;
Arise dearest Mary, before it be late.

The sweet scented blossom is cover'd with dew ;
 The flow'rs of the field are perfumed anew ;
 The blithe birds are singing on ev'ry green tree ;
 Arise, dearest Mary, and come unto me.

Thy breath is more sweet than the breeze of the morn,
 The lilly's pure white doth thy bosom adorn :
 Thy look is as bright as the beaming of day ;
 Oh come dearest maid, to thy true-love away.

W I N T E R .

How fearful, yet how mournful is the tone,
 Of Winter howling in his stormy zone ;
 O'erwhelming pow'r, from nightbound realms afar,
 He leads the wrathful elements to war,
 His voice is heard when storms in chorus sing ;
 His breath doth icy desolation bring ;
 The clouds he piles, or scatters as he goes,
 Melts into floods, or freezes into snows ;
 O'er wither'd regions doth the giant stride,
 Lifts his dark hand and turns the sun aside.

ODE TO DEATH.

Come not to me on a bed
Of pale-faced sickness and of pining ;
Oh ! clasp me close on the battle field red,
Midst warriors' shouts and armour shining ;
Let me not have priest nor bell,
Sable pomp, nor voice of wailing ;
The roar of the cannon shall be my knell,
And tears with thee are unavailing.
Then clasp me close in the hottest strife,
Where the cut, and the stab, and the shot
are rife.

May I fall on some great day,
With Freedom's banner streaming o'er me ;
Live but to shout for the victory
And see the rout roll on before me,
And tyrants from their greatness torn,
Beneath the scourge of justice smarting,
And gaze on Freedom's glorious morn,
My soul to cheer before departing.
Oh then my life might melt away,
In visions bright of liberty.

SONG.

MY WINDER.

Where Jarrat's stream, with pearly gleam,

Erst ran in gay meander,

A weaver boy, bereft of joy,

Upon a time did wander.

"Ah, well a day," the youth did say,

"I wish I did not mind her ;

I'm sure had she regarded me,

I ne'er had lost my winder."

"Her ready hand was white as milk ;

Her fingers finely moulded ;

And when she touched a thread of silk,

Like magic it was folded.

She turn'd her wheel—she sung her song—

And sometimes I have join'd her ;

Oh ! that one strain would wake again,

From thee, my lovely winder!"

"And when the worsted hank she wound,—(2)

Her skill was further proved ;

No thread uneven there was found,

Her bobbins never roved.

With sweet content, to work she went,

And looked not behind her,

To frown and brood, in fretful mood :

But now I've lost my winder."

"And never would she let me wait,
 When downing on a Friday,—(3)
 Her wheel went at a merry rate ;
 Her person always tidy.
 But she is gone, and I'm alone,
 I know not where to find her ;
 I've sought the hill, the wood and rill ;
 No tidings of my winder."

"I sought her at the dawn of day ;
 I sought her at the noonin' :
 I sought her when the evening gray
 Had brought the hollow moon in :
 I call'd her on the darkest night,
 With wizard spells to bind her ;
 And when the stars arose in light,
 I wandered forth to find her."

"Her hair was dark as raven's plume,
 And hung in tresses bonny ;
 Her cheeks so fair, did roses bear,
 That blush'd as sweet as onny,
 No diamond stone her eyes outshone,
 Each day I thought her kinder,
 But ah ! that thought hath sorrow wrought,
 Since I have lost my winder."

THE CALL OF WALLACE.

O come from the valley, O come from the plain,
And arise to the hills of your fathers again ;
For a chief hath unfurled his banner on high,
And the scourge of his country hath dar'd to defy.

Our lands are laid waste and our homes are destroy'd,
Whilst the ravaging Saxon is dwelling in pride,
O gather, ye brave ones, in battle array,
And the storm of the carnage shall sweep him away.

What ! shall this usurper be lord of our land,
Nor the sons of its heroes the tyrant withstand ?
And shall it be said that a Scot ever bore
The chains which his fathers had spurned before ?

Then come from the valley, and come from the plain,
And arise to the hills of your fathers again ;
We will rush like a whirlwind, or burst like a flood,
And the sun of his glory shall set in his blood.

THE BEE.

Sung at a meeting of Bee-keepers at Middleton, May 27th. 1815.

Ye lovers of Nature ! attend unto me,
I'll sing you a ditty concerning the bee ;
The noblest of insects for industry,
And well worth a song I am sure is the bee.]

When Sol darts his beams over meadow and moor,
The bee, ever active, exploreth each flower ;
Returns home with honey to lay up in store,
To serve him when winter around him doth roar.

And when the rude storm overshadows the sky,
And abroad to the flowers he no longer can fly
Still seeking employment, he works in the hive,
In building, or keeping the young ones alive.

Ye sov'reigns of Europe ! in congress that sit,
This poor little insect might teach you some wit,
Here, rul'd without soldiers a nation you see ;
Oh learn then to govern as governs the bee !

SONG.

The winter wind is blowing,
With mournful sigh, o'er moor and dale ;
The mountain stream is flowing,
With torrent rush, adown the vale ;
Whilst dreary and weary,
The bird doth seek the leafless grove,
Which once rung, as he sung,
In amorous strain, his tale of love.
Now all is cold and darkly drear,
And nature mourns the summer o'er ;
Bright Phœbus soon the scene will cheer ;
But heart of mine will cheer no more.

No damsel e'er was fairer
Than her for whom in vain I mourn ;
The beauteous sweet ensnarer,
Bright as the gem from India borne ;
Enchanting, nought wanting
To rivet fast the bonds of love ;
Enchained and pained ;
The horrors of despair I prove.
For ah ! I nothing can bestow,
Save my poor heart, that's wounded sore ;
And she her proud disdain doth show,
And joy and love are mine no more.

THE DYING DRAGOON.

On Mount St. John's too dearly purchased day,
When broken Gallia fled the bloody fray,
And he, the mighty chieftain now afar,
Reluctant left the frightful wreck of war ;
Whilst England's hardy sons to vict'ry bore,
O'er hills of slain, through floods of smoaking gore ;
And vengeful Prussia, scatt'ring death around,
Cut many a noble soldier to the ground,—
On that great day, sore wounded on the plain,
Bleeding to death, and mingled with the slain,
A poor dragoon slow rais'd his drooping head,
And thus, in dying accents, faintly said ;—

“ Farewell to England's peaceful, happy shore,
Which I, alas, must never visit more ;
Farewell! ye dearer ties, which my fond heart
Hath vainly cherish'd, thus at last to part ;—
My mother, brother, sister, unto you
I bid a long, and ah, a last adieu ;
And ye, to whom my tend'rest cares extend,
My wife, my children, mighty God defend !
O watch them with a Father's tender care,
Supply their wants, and guard them from each
snare.

Alas ! how little do they think that I
 To day on this dark bloody plain do lie ;
 Am glad to pillow this poor weary head,
 On mangled corse of gallant comrade dead ;
 Oh, will my widow'd love remember me,
 Amid the world and all its vanity ?
 Enbalm my name in many a heart-sprung tear,
 And in her bosom hold my memory dear ?
 Or will she, thoughtless, join the giddy throng,
 Promote the laugh, and listen to the song ?
 Dark thought ; that deeper wounds my parting soul,
 Than death triumphant in the battle's howl.
 Away, away, I give thee to the wind,
 My Mary's heart can never be unkind !

That mournful night, that agonizing day,
 I tore myself from all that's dear away,
 O what a weight lay on my bursting heart,
 Though I in hopes of quick return did part ;
 Delusive hopes, that lured me away,
 My corse upon this dreary plain to lay.
 E'en now I feel, warm gushing from my side,
 The stream of life, in faint and fainter tide."

The dying warrior op'd his dimmed eye,
 His soul addressing unto him on high ;
 Wav'd his bright helm his slaughter'd comrades
 o'er,
 And sinking, died upon his bed of gore.

TO JEMIMA.

How happy may we be, my love !

How happy may we be,

If we our ev'ry means improve,

My wife, my child, and me.

Our home shall be a turtle's nest,

Where duty, peace, and love,

Shall make its inmates truly blest,

And sorrow far remove.

And if the world upon us frown,

Still peace serene is our's ;

It cannot bear the free mind down,

With all its tyrant powers ;

For should they bear me far away,

And bind me with a chain,

With thee our pledge of love will stay,

Then do not, love, complain.

But virtue only can endow

With happiness secure ;

For virtue shows her vot'ries how

Each trial to endure.

How wretched is the feeble mind

That shrinks at ev'ry blast !

But virtue is a bulwark kind

Enduring to the last.

There fortified, the storms of fate
 Around us harmless howl;
 No coward-terrors they create
 To shake the stedfast soul:
 We calmly pass through life, my love,
 And many sweets enjoy,
 And, when it please the pow'r above,
 Without a murmur die.

O D E .

My true lover told me when he went away,
 (For hard fortune did part us in twain)
 He would pour his complaint to the moon's silver ray,
 When it gilded the wide tented plain.
 Then rise up O moon ! he will whisper to thee,
 And thou wilt convey all his wishes to me.
 Methinks, when I hear the wild winds whistle by,
 Comes mingled my love's mournful strain,
 That they bring from afar a sweet kiss or a sigh,
 As slowly they sweep o'er the plain.
 Blow softly ye gales, if ye faithful would prove,
 And bring me a kiss or a sigh from my love.

SONG OF THE BRAVE.

Oh what is the life of the brave ?
A gift which his Maker hath given,
Lest nothing but tyrant and slave
Remain of mankind under Heaven.
Oh what is the life of the brave,
When staked in the cause of his right ?
Tis but as a drop to the wave,
A trifle he values as light.

And what is the death of the brave ?
A loss which the good shall deplore ;
Who freedom hath striven to save,
Mankind shall revere evermore.
Tis the close of a glorious day,
Tis the setting of yonder bright sun ;
A summons that welcomes away,
To a heaven already begun.

And what is the fame of the brave?
The halo which follows his day;
The noble examples he gave
Still shining in splendid array.
The blood of the coward runs cold;
The wise and the good do admire;
But in the warm heart of the bold
Oh! it kindles a nobler fire.

Then, who would not live with the brave?
The wretch without virtue and worth.
And who would not die with the brave?
The coward that clings to the earth.
And who shall partake with the brave
The fame which his valour hath won?
Oh, he that will fight with the brave,
Till the battle of freedom is done.

ST. HELENA.

Tow'ring o'er the boundless deep,
See yon barren rock on high;
Round its summit tempests sweep,
And the wild tornadoes fly.
'Tis the prison of the brave,
Chain'd in life above his grave.

Bursting from the burden'd cloud,
Dash the foaming floods away;
Pealing thunders roar aloud,
And the forked lightnings play:
Cavern'd glen and mountain bare
Quiver 'neath the frightful glare!

Or if Sol proclaim his day,
Vain the wish for cooling bow'r;
Never mitigate his ray
Fanning breeze or fresh'ning show'r:
Over rock and over flood
Rides the fierce and glowing god.

'Tis the prison of the brave,—
Napoleon truly great,
High above the stormy wave,
Stands sublime in silent state;
Like a comet's blaze unfurl'd
Over an astonish'd world.

LINES

*Written in the traveller's room, Wolsely Arms Inn,
Wolsely Bridge, Staffordshire.*

Fair is the prospect to my view,
Altho' it be confin'd;
But Oh ! tis nothing like the scenes
Which I have left behind.

Yon eminence but shews a farm,
With trees thick scatter'd round;
My hills rip out the rushing storm,
And by the clouds are crown'd.

And peaceful seem yon group of cots,
With chimnies painted white;
But there is one, though far away,
More pleasing to my sight.

And College bells must sweeter ring,
Before they ring as sweet
As those which o'er St. Leonard's hang,
The Sabbath morn to greet.

And Trent, too, loiters by the way,
 As journeying to the main ;
 My streams rush onward rapidly,
 The briny gulf to gain.

Oh, there is something wanting here,
 Which cannot be supplied,
 Save on those hills for ever dear,
 Where once I did abide.

BRANDRETH'S SOLILOQUY IN PRISON-(4)

I must die, but not like a slave,
 To his tyrant in penitence bending ;
 I shall die like an Englishman brave,
 I have liv'd so, and so be my ending.

I must die, and my doom is my pride ;
 The death that awaits me is welcome ;
 The dæmon's last pang is defied,
 But a day of deep vengeance there shall come.

How shall my blood-shedders repent,
When the peoples' hot wrath is out poured ;
The freed world shall hail the event,
And the pride of its despots be lowered.

They shall howl like the yell of the storm ;
They shall flee like the deer herd affrighted ;
And weeping, lie down with the worm,
And praying, their prayers shall be slighted.

For vengeance, and guilt, and dismay,
Their blood-scented footsteps pursuing,
Shall chase ev'ry comfort away,
And leave but affliction and ruin.

Their children shall then be like mine,
No father's fond arm to protect them ;
Their ladies in sorrow may pine,
For none will be found to respect them.

What wealth would they freely give then,
For the sleep that I soon shall be sleeping ;
To never feel sorrow again ;
To know not its watching and weeping ?

What wealth would they freely give then
 For the grave that poor Brandreth will cover ;
 To hide from the hatred of men,
 From the terrors which fearfully hover ?

And what is the gem they would give
 For that conscience, this firm heart supporting,
 That when they no longer could live,
 They might die with a Brandreth's comporting ?

But, conscience can never be bought ;
 Courage can never be sold ;
 The villain will die as he ought,
 The good man may always be bold.

L I N E S

Written at the request of a young Lady for her friend.

Good night ; and if no more we meet,
 May slumbers mild and mornings sweet,
 And days of peace, and happy years,
 Be yours, though mine be spent in tears.

SONG.

OLDHAM LOCAL.

TUNE.—“*There is nae luck about the house.*”

Oh hark the rolling, rolling drum,
And hark the music play,
Down Heabers march the local lads,
In soldier-like array ;
And see their spangled banners wave,
And see their armour shine ;
Approach a thousand hearts so brave,
And one of them is mine.

I'll sweep the hearth, I'll beet the fire,
A posset will I make ;
I'll reach him down the dainty cheese ;
There 's bread upon the flake.
And if beneath his baggage-load,
His weary feet should fail,
I'll roast his cheese and toast his bread,
And sop it in good Ale.

For ever since that murky morn
 When from me he did part,
 I've been bewilder'd and forlorn ;
 No joy hath known my heart ;
 But merrily I now may sing,
 My love approaches near,
 And now the cymbals louder ring,
 I'll go and meet my dear.

I'll take my bonny prattler sweet,
 And hie me down the lane,
 And when thy father we do meet,
 I'm sure he will be fain ;
 And he will bring thee things so fine,
 Thou art his little store ;
 And oh our arms shall round him twine ;
 We'll love him more and more.

Prepare the dance in Oldham town,
 Ye blushing maiden's gay !
 Prepare the feast in Oldham town,
 Ye Matrons growing grey ;
 Prepare the bed in Oldham town,
 Ye wives as sweet as May,
 For Oldham Local back are boun'
 To Oldham town to-day.

THE UNION HYMN.

Ye bards of Britain, strike the lyre,
And sing the happy Union,
In strains of patriotic fire ;
O sing the happy Union.
Not distant is the welcome day,
When woe, and want, and tyranny
Shall from our isle be swept away,—
The grand epoch of liberty
Awaits a faithful Union.

Be worthy of your noble cause,
Ye patriots of the Union ;
Our fathers' rights, our fathers' laws,
Await a constant Union ;
A crouching dastard sure is he,
Who would not strive for liberty,
And die to set Old England free,
From all her load of tyranny.
Up, brave men of the Union !

Our little ones shall learn to bless
 Their fathers of the Union ;
 And ev'ry mother will caress
 Her hero of the Union ;
 Our plains with plenty shall be crown'd,
 The sword shall plough the fruitful ground,
 The spear a pruning-hook be found,
 And joy shall ev'ry where abound,
 To bless a nation's Union.

Then Britain's prince shall truly reign ;
 His subjects will defend him ;
 And freed from loath'd corruptions train,
 Bright honour shall attend him ;
 Whilst foreign despots evermore
 Shall venerate Old Albion's shore,
 And war, with all its crime and gore,
 Forgotten, and for ever o'er,
 Shall crown a Nation's Union.

THE DYING POET TO HIS DOG.

My old companion, Rover ;
More true than human lover,—
Our cares are nearly over,
My tried friend :
Thy life with mine is wasting,
And welcome death is hasting ;
Our poverty and fasting
Are at an end.

I have sung of Britain's glory,
Of battles fierce and gory,
Of lovely lady's story
In bow'r so gay ;
But the soldier 's gone a fighting,
The lady is delighting,
The poet coldly slighting,
Ah well a day!

My wife away hath wander'd,
 My children they are squander'd,
 My reputation slander'd,

Oh woe is me !

My bloom of life is blighted,
 My days, how soon benighted,
 My love, my friendship, slighted,
 By all but thee.

When plenty round me shower'd,
 And blessings on me pour'd,
 Ere grim misfortune lour'd,

Ah happy day !

Thou ever wert contented,
 And more thou never wanted ;
 Intrusion thou prevented
 With watchful bay.

And when stern ruin rushing,
 My airy castles crushing,
 Each tone of pleasure hushing,

Swift bore me down,—

Thou never seemedst coyer,
 Thou never played shyer,
 Thy tail was held no higher,
 My bonny brown.

And when my heart was breaking,
 When faithless friends forsaking,
 Were evil of me speaking,
 Where then wert thou ?
 I found thee still beside me,
 Though poor, *thou* could'st abide me,
 And death shall not divide me
 From Rover now.

And when disease o'ertook me,
 When pains and palsies shook me,
 Thou never once forsook me,
 My tried friend !
 Thou never didst neglect me,
 Thou always would protect me,
 And shall not I respect thee ?
 E'en to the end.

The poet's eye was closing,
 His dog beside him dozing,
 And heaven interposing,
 Clos'd the sad scene ;
 The primrose growth over,
 The bard and faithful Rover,
 Beneath a fragrant cover
 Of broom so green.

SONNET.

My daisy sweet is drooping,
Alone upon the lee ;
A frost there came in evil hour,
And nipt it cruelly.

But when the winter 's over
I'll back return to thee ;
And thou shalt rise and smile again
In beauty on the lee.

And lest the winds of heaven
Too rudely on thee blow,
Within a secret bower of mine
In safety shalt thou grow.

And there I'll gaze upon thee
With an adoring eye ;
And sprinkle thee, my bonny flow'r,
With tears of love and joy.

And when the sun no longer
Doth light thee from above,
I'll warm thee as thou fad'st away,
With sighs of endless love.

THE PASS OF DEATH,

*Written shortly after the decease of the Right Hon. George
Canning ; and with reference to that circumstance.—(5)*

Another 's gone, and who comes next,
Of all the sons of pride?
And is humanity perplex'd
Because this man hath died?
The sons of men did raise their voice
And cried in despair,
"We will not come, we will not come,
Whilst death is waiting there."

But Time went forth and dragg'd them on,
By one, by two, by three,
Nay, sometimes thousands came as one,
So merciless was he:
And still they go, and still they go,
The slave, the lord, the king;
And disappear like flakes of snow
Before the sun of spring.

For Death stood in the path of Time
And slew them as they came,
And not a soul escap'd his hand,
So certain was his aim.
The beggar fell across his staff,
The soldier on his sword,
The king sunk down beneath his crown,
The priest, beside the Word.

And youth came in the blush of health,
And in a moment fell ;
And avarice, grasping still at wealth,
Was rolled into hell ;
And age stood trembling at the pass,
And would have turn'd again ;
But Time said "no ; 'tis never so,
Thou canst not here remain."

The bride came in her wedding robe,
But that did nought avail ;
Her ruby lips went cold and blue,
Her rosy cheek turn'd pale ;
And some were hurried from the ball,
And some came from the play,
And some were eating to the last,
And some with wine were gay :

And some were ravenous for food,
 And rais'd seditious cries ;
 But, being a *legitimate*,
 Death quickly stopp'd their noise :
 The father left his infant brood,
 Amid the world to weep ;
 And the mother died whilst her babe,
 Lay smiling in its sleep.

And some did offer bribes of gold,
 If they might but survive ;
 But he drew his arrow to the head,
 And none were left alive.
 And some were plighting vows of love,
 When their very hearts were torn ;
 And eyes that shone so bright at eve
 Were closed ere the morn.

And one had just attain'd to pow'r,
 And wist not he should die ;
 Till the arrow smote his stream of life
 And left the cistern dry.
 Another 's gone, and who comes next,
 Of all the sons of pride ?
 And is humanity perplex'd
 Because this man hath died ?

And still they come, and still they go,
 And still there is no end,—
 The hungry grave is yawning yet,
 And who shall next descend?
 Oh! shall it be a crowned head,
 Or one of noble line;
 Or doth the slayer turn to smite
 A life so frail as mine?

TO THE SNOWDROP.

Welcome thou little modest flow'r,
 Thou ventur'est forth in stormy hour,
 Bending thine head beneath the show'r,
 So meek and low;
 Smiling at hoary winter's lour,
 Amongst the snow.

Welcome, thou little bonny thing!
 Glad are the tidings thou dost bring;
 Soon will the grass begin to spring,
 The trees to bud,
 And feathered songsters soon will sing
 In yonder wood.

But ah ! too short will be thy stay,
 Lone guest of winter's dreary day ;
 Scarce will the sun upon thee play
 His beam of light,
 Ere thou wilt wither and decay,
 And sink in night.

And so have many sunk beside ;
 Some dropping from their tow'ring pride,
 Some in their lowliness have died ;
 Perchance I may
 Look bright upon a stormy world,
 And pass away.

THE LANCASHIRE HYMN.—(6)

TUNE.—“ *Falmouth.*” *First volume of Harrison's Collection.*

Written in 1818.

Great God ! who did of old inspire
 The patriot's ardent heart,
 And fill'd him with a warm desire,
 To die or do his part ;
 O let our shouts be heard by thee,
 God of truth and liberty !

Here, 'fore creation's million worlds,
 Our wrongs we do proclaim ;
 And when thy banner thou unfurls,
 We will redress the same ;
 Triumph ever waits on thee,
 Genius great of liberty.

When fell oppression o'er the land,
 Hung like a darksome day,
 And crush'd beneath a tyrant's hand,
 The groaning people lay ;
 'The patriot band impelled by thee,
 Nobly strove for liberty.

And shall we tamely now forego
 'The rights for which they bled,
 And crouch beneath a minion's blow,
 And basely bow the head ?

Ah no ! it cannot, cannot be,—
 Death for us, or liberty.

PART SECOND.

Behold yon midnight dark divan,
 'The plunderers of our right,
 Fell sorcerers, mustering ev'ry ban,
 Our happiness to blight ;
 Why lingers yet the nation's ire ?
 Why bursteth not a flood of fire ?

The dungeon door hath open'd wide,
 Its victims to immure;
 And blood hath Derby's scaffold dy'd,
 Betray'd by hellish lure.
 Oh, justice ! why so long delay
 To bare that dark iniquity ?

Have we not heard the infant's cry,
 And mark'd its mother's tear ?
 That look which told us mournfully
 That woe and want were there,—
 And shall they ever weep again ?
 And shall their pleadings be in vain ?

By the dear blood which Hampden bled
 In freedom's noble strife—
 By gallant Sydney's gory head—
 By all that's dear to life—
 They shall not supplicate in vain,
 No longer will we bear the chain.

Souls of our mighty sires ! behold
 This band of brothers join ;
 Oh never, never be it told,
 That we disgrac'd your line.
 If England wills the glorious deed,
 We'll have another Runnymede !

TIM BOBBIN' GRAVE

I stoode beside Tim Bobbin' grave
'At looks o'er Ratchda' teawn,
An' th' owd lad 'woke within his yerth,
An' sed wheer arto' beawn.

Om gooin' into th' Packer street,
As far as th' Gowden Bell,
'To taste o' Daniel Kesmus ale.
TIM.—I cud like a saup mysel'.

Au' by this hont o' my reet arm,
If fro' that hole theaw'll reawk,
'Theaw'st have a saup o'th' best breawn ale
'At ever lips' did seawk.

'The greawnd it sturr'd beneath my feet,
An' then I yerd a groan,
He shook the dust fro' off his skull,
An' rowlt away the stone.

I brought him op o' a deep breawn jug,
'At a gallon did contain,
An' he took it at one blessed draught,
An' laid him deawn again.

SONG.

M O R I S A .

Ah me ! that Morisa I never had seen,
The fairest of mortals, of beauty the queen ;
I'd then remain'd free as the bird in the air,
But now I am held in the bonds of despair ;
And the chains of her thralldom I cannot resign,
Though I know that Morisa must never be mine.

The eye of Morisa doth pierce like a dart ;
I caught but a glance and it wounded my heart,
The throb of my bosom is bleeding away ;
My morning is darken'd before it be day ;
Would she look on her victim with mercy benign,
I could die for Morisa and never repine.

Morisa the beauty, I saw her sweet smile ;
That look might an angel from heaven beguile ;
A radiant loveliness beam'd in her face,
Expressive of dignity, goodness, and grace ;
I then became captive and did not repine,
Though I knew that Morisa must never be mine.

Morisa the lovely, I once heard her sigh,
There was thought on her brow, and a tear in
her eye ;

The spirit of sadness a shadow had thrown
Where the sun-light of beauty so lately had shone ;
But the sigh of her soul had a fragrance divine,
It was meant for another ; it could not be mine.

She is fair as the snow that on Brandlesome lies ;
She is pure as the ether of heaven's own skies ;
She is modest as innocent beauty can be ;
And chaste as the white bosom'd maid of the sea.
To bow and adore her I could not decline,
Though I knew that Morisa must never be mine.

HOURS IN THE BOWERS.

Hours more dear than drops of gold,
Come when the tender buds unfold ;
Then do I wander to field and glen,
Far as I may for the gentlemen.
Over the blade of em'rald sheen,
Over the herb that creeps between,
Odours inhaling that sweetly smell,
As I gather the cresses beside the well.

Spring moves on as glad I gaze,
Calling the flowers wherever she strays,
" Come from the earth, ye dwellers there,
To the blessed light and the living air,
For the snowdrop hath warned the drift away,
And the crocus awaiteth your company,
And the bud of the thorn is beginning to swell,
And the waters have broken their bonds in the
dell ;

And are not the hazle and slender bine
 Blending their boughs where the sun doth shine?
 And the willow is bringing its downy palm,
 Garland for days that are bright and calm;
 And the birch is adorning its painted stem,
 And the primrose peeps like a starry gem."

In sunny nook, where the grass is dry,
 Reading I sit, or I musing lie,
 Then he (7) who was lost in the ocean main,
 Returneth perhaps to my thoughts again,
 Or the twain who fell (8) for that right divine,
 Which hath fully been prov'd in the battle line,
 Or the noble bard too soon who died,
 Too late for wounded love and pride.
 Or Burns, who ask'd for better bread,
 And hath gotten a marble tomb instead.
 Or, casting a thought towards sorrows past,
 I hope that the last may remain the last,
 Or counting the good which hath fall'n to my share
 I thank the Great Being who plac'd it there!

Hark from the heavens yon thrill of joy,
 Child of the sward, art thou up so high?
 "I can sing on the wing," the warbler cries,
 "There is life in the gale, I arise, I arise,
 Up as I soar it is cool and clear,
 Whilst the earth brings forth, and the germs
 appear,

Plenty I gather and freely fly,
 How happy am I, how happy am I !"

By bending dales where groves are seen
 By waters clear, and margins green,
 In dim-shed light or open glade,
 I wander, or in sunless shade,
 Through hoary woods where moss abounds,
 By springs and wells with silver sounds,
 To pastures where the shamrock grows,
 And bowers which none beside me knows.
 And often as I lonely walk,
 I with the mighty spirit talk,
 From cloud above, from earth below,
 Where winds do roll, where waters flow ;
 From topmost wave of wildest sea,
 To stillest land and inmost lea ;
 It bids me live, and life to spare ;
 It bids me love, and wrath forbear ;
 It tells me, justice is not blind—
 It shews me, mercy, Oh how kind !
 It says if I would happy be,
 Virtue must point the way for me.

HYMN TO HOPE,

Respectfully inscribed to Joseph Harrison, confined in Chester Castle in 1821, for having attended and taken part in a "Seditious Meeting" at Stockport, to petition for Reform. the Author being then confined in LINCOLN CASTLE, for having attended the Manchester Meeting of August 16th, 1819.

TUNE.—"The God of Abraham praise." Hebrew Melody.

When Freedom bade adieu,
 And for awhile withdrew,
 'There was a light of heavenly hope that kept in view;
 Afar it faintly shone,
 As might some star alone,
 'That rode amid the storm when all the rest were gone.

And as I gaz'd, its light
 Grew brighter and more bright,
 Until it seem'd to triumph o'er the shades of night;
 And then 'twas like a day
 Arising far away,
 And bringing back the golden hours of liberty.

No dark'ning cloud was there,
 But all was bright and fair :
 Hope smil'd upon the chains which hung around my lair.
 Ah ! though the great combine,
 The lowly to confine,
 They cannot close the mourning heart to hope divine.

And though unfeeling might
 Affections dear may blight,
 And though beneath the arm of pow'r doth bend the
 right ;
 This cannot always be,
 The millions will be free,
 Oh ! they will rise to vindicate humanity.

To God my thanks ascend,
 Who doth my steps attend,
 For he hath ever been to me a mighty friend ;
 His wing hath been my shield,
 His hand hath been my stay,
 As through a dark and stormy world I sought my way.

ECLOGUE.

*Written during confinement in the prison at Cold-bath Fields,
London, under the Habeas Corpus Suspension Act, in 1817.*

O’ER the dark heath, and over wintry Knowle,
The evening sun shone out his fainting ray ;
The wonted winds on other hills did howl,
And left soft breezes whispering wantonly.
Wide o’er the moorland bleating flocks did stray,
And vernal spring again returning smil’d ;
When o’er the rindle gliding swift away,
Two strangers stepping wearily and toil’d,
Sought the lone summit of the barren wild.

One prostrate lay, and one erect remain’d,
His keen eye casting o’er the scene below ;
Far off as where ’tis said, brave Alpin reign’d ;
And Derbyshire’s high mountains wreath’d in snow.
Dark Blackstone-edge his rugged ridge did show,
Whilst o’er the wanderer’s features, gazing still,
Burst gleams of joy and slighter shades of woe.
“ Arise,” he cried, “ see lovely Tandle Hill,
At whose green foot runs Jarrat’s woodland rill.

CHARLES.

O scene ! to this 'lorn heart of mine, how dear
 Thy vernal meadows, and thy waving grove ;
 Thy dusky dells, thy gushing fountain clear,
 The Muses haunt, the sacred bower of love ;
 Thy sturdy oaks high towering far above,
 Thy mossy banks bedeck'd with bells so blue,
 O'er which the rustic nymphs and swains do rove ;
 Scenes of my youth, I bid you now adieu !
 For I no longer dare to stay with you.

RICHARD.

Down in yon valley stands my lowly cot,
 Methinks I see its curling smoke arise :
 My brave boy tumbling on the grassy plot ;
 His mother wiping oft her dewy eyes ;
 Whilst thus a wanderer, husband, father flies,
 By tyrants hunted like a beast of prey,
 Debarr'd from all the dear domestic joys ;
 Oh for one great, Oh for one glorious day,
 To give me back my home, or crush me in the fray!

CHARLES.

E'er gilds to-morrow's sun the western main,
 Smooth flowing Irk, I leave afar behind ;
 And with it leave, O ! deepest pang of pain,
 A damsel beautiful as she is kind ;

Soul of my soul, and comfort of my mind,
 Farewell to thee ! until the glorious day,
 When Liberty shall lord it unconfin'd :
 How pleasant then among the woods to stray,
 Our lives shall be a happy holiday.

RICHARD.

'Tis not for crimes that we our homes forsake !
 'Tis not for guilt that thus afar we fly !
 If Britain's Prince misled, each statute break
 That should secure the subject's liberty ?
 Oh ! shall no Englishman with kindling eye
 Speak loudly, loftily unto the throne ?
 What ! shall we like all whipped spaniels lie ?
 Oh ! Russell, Sidney, not forgetting thee
 Hampden, I swear it shall not, shall not be.

CHARLES.

The clouds of night around the hill descend,
 The shepherd driveth home his fleecy care ;
 Come calm those fierce emotions, dearest friend,
 The moorland spreads before us wide and bare,
 And we to night must have a stormy lair ;
 Unless in some sequester'd nook we find,
 What, in these cold degenerate days is rare,
 A feeling host, that with a welcome kind,
 The wandering exile's bleeding heart will bind.

GLENARFON.

TUNE.—“*Y' Gadless,*” “*The camp of the Palace,*” or,
 “*Of what a noble race was Shenkin.*”

Awake the voice of Arfon's praise,
 Glenarfon, son of ancient days,
 Descending from the depth of time,
 Behold Glenarfon's race sublime;
 Proclaim their deeds—they come! they come!
 In glory o'er the clouded tomb;
 For though in death their ashes lie,
 The fame of heroes cannot die.

Awake the voice of Arfon's praise,
 And give his deeds to other days,
 When strangers came our land to spoil,
 Glenarfon, where was he the while?
 Oh! where was he!—where should he be?
 Amid his dying foes was he:
 Glenafron's scythe the field did sweep,
 Glenafron's sword the ground did keep.

Awake the voice of Arfon's praise,
 And let his wisdom have our lays;
 When the rude spoilers he had spoil'd,
 Glenarfon as a dove was mild;

And where he dwelt was safety felt,
 And even justice forth he dealt.
 Shall happy days like Arfon's reign,
 To Cymru e'er return again ?

Awake the voice of Arfon's praise,
 And let his bounty have our lays :
 To feast within his banquet hall,
 His bards and warriors he would call ;
 And there they drank the ruddy wine,
 And there was sung the lay divine ;
 But song of bard, and freedom's boast,
 Oh Cymru, are they ever lost ?

THE MARCH OF THE GRAND ARMY ON ITS ADVANCE UPON MOSCOW.

Glory, like the day,
 Opens on our way ;
 Great Napoleon
 Leads to victory !
 Heaven is still and bright,
 Earth in wild affright,
 Trembles 'neath the might
 Of our deep array.

Of our deep array,
 Of our mighty line;
 What a sight divine
 On the battle-day!
 There is fierce Murat
 With his plumed hat,
 There is Prince Eugene,
 There is Marshal Ney.

There is Marshal Ney
 Foremost in the fray;
 Onward still we go
 O'er the groaning foe;
 Some indeed shall stay
 In the arms of death,—
 Life is but a breath,
 Death or victory!

SONG OF THE POLISH ARMY ON ITS RETREAT FROM WARSAW.

We meet at the home of our fathers no more,
 but we leave it all red with the Muscovites' gore;—
 'hey came like the hunger-press'd wolf to his prey,
 Who cannot, who will not be turned away.

They came like the waves of the deluging main,
 Their living surmounting their masses of slain;
 And onward, and onward they bore to the strife,
 To the gushing of blood, to the gasping of life;
 Till the trenches were choak'd with the thousands we
 slew,

And their blood hath descended in rain and in dew;
 And their corse are feeding the fowls of the air,
 At the banquet of death, on the field of despair!

Oh! home of our fathers, the noble and brave
 Can never lie down in the lair of the slave;
 And thou art defiled by a barbarous horde,
 Who know not a will save the will of their lord;
 Who rise at his bidding the lands to oppress,
 Who come at his calling the bless'd to unblest;
 Who, howling and wild from their deserts afar,
 Bring famine and pestilence unto the war;
 Gaunt famine subduing the soul and the breath,
 Wan pestilence bending our heroes to death,
 They dar'd, they endur'd without murmur or sigh,
 Though nations stood silent and motionless by.

Oh! home of our fathers, we bid thee adieu,
 To freedom and glory our hearts are still true;
 Nor yet we abandon the land we adore,
 A battle is lost, but the war is not o'er,

When myriads surround and approach to devour ;
 For refuge, we turn to the fortress and tower,
 And there from a thousand loud canons we cry,
 Come die at the feet of the free, come and die ;
 Come on with your phalanx, your courser and spear,
 The sons of Sarmatia are rallying here,
 Your parley we scorn, and your wrath we defy,
 Come die with the free and the brave, come and die.

DIALOGUE WITH FAME,

Who art thou so wondrous fair,
 All in glory shining
 Men adore thee ev'ry where,
 Answer my divining ?

I am that which heroes claim,
 For their deeds of daring ;
 I can raise a humble name,
 Why art thou despairing ?

Dost thou yonder warrior see
 Weary with destroying ;
 Shall he hope to climb to thee,
 O'er the dead and dying ?

Waste of life and woe of fight,
 Nothing do concern me ;
 If the soldier come in right,
 Surely he shall earn me.

One doth heaps of gold amass ;
 If his breath should fail him,
 Whither would his mem'ry pass ;
 Bright one, wouldst thou hail him ?

If for good he had employ'd,
 That he lays beside him,
 In his life and when he died,
 I had not denied him.

One in pulpit prayeth loud,
 God, with things acquainting,
 How shall he become endow'd,
 For all his noisy sainting ?

If his life be meek and pure,
 Moral as his preaching ;
 Even him I could endure,
 When he hath done his teaching.

One is mounted on a throne,
 Myriads are admiring ;
 Canst thou such a king disown,
 Spendid and aspiring ?

Is he wise, he merits fame,
 And he too shall share it ;
 If a fool, the greater shame,
 His actions will declare it.

Thou canst raise a humble name,
 Mine indeed is humble ;
 Should I win a wreath from fame,
 Friends would surely grumble.

Strive to climb yon envied path,
 Glory beams above it ;
 If the world should howl in wrath,
 Turn and look, and love it.

LONDON, FARE THEE WELL.

Sunny light is breaking,
 Over dale and hill ;
 Nature is awaking
 From her slumber chill :
 Winds that blow around us,
 Whisper softly bland,
 Whilst the streams that bound us
 Murmur through the land ;
 Should I for the city
 Leave the vocal dell,

Faith it were a pity,
 London, fare thee well.

Whilst my heart's contented,
 Let it so remain ;
 Luxuries unwanted
 I can yet disdain ;
 And, should I be gazing
 At the ladies fair,
 Might not such amazing
 Beauty cause despair ?
 Rather would I meet one,
 Lonely in the dell ;
 And steal a kiss, a sweet one,—
 London, fare thee well.

Come, ye days of pleasure,
 Come, ye rosy hours ;
 Bring mine hidden treasure
 To her inmost bowers :
 Give me melting kisses
 At the burning noon ;
 Give me deeper blisses
 'Neath the clouded moon :
 Waters are the sweetest
 Drunken at the well ;
 Love shall be the greatest
 When there's none to tell.

A VOICE FROM SPAIN.

Written previous to the invasion of that country by the French army under the Duke of Angouleme for the purpose of restoring the legitimate power of the atrocious Ferdinand.

Beneath the mighty span of heaven,
And o'er the pathless water ;
A voice was heard, a warning given
Of outrage and of slaughter.
To Britain's sons it call'd aloud,
Arise ! for none are braver ;
Shall Freedom die, whilst you stand by,
And not attempt to save her ?

Yon crowned foes of human kind
Have been in consultation,
How they might forge a chain to bind
The noble Spanish nation.
And now the tyrant of the Gaul
Proclaims the battle gory ;
And shall the conflict pass away,
And you not share the glory ?

Oh ! what is life, unless it be
 For noble actions noted
 And what is death unto a life
 So worthily devoted !
 It takes away the mortal clay,
 But he who ruleth o'er us,
 High deeds hath placed where they dwell
 Eternally before us.

And is there not in all your isle
 A band of hearts undaunted,
 Who, hateful of oppression vile,
 Would fight when they were wanted ?
 Come on, ye brave ; come on, ye brave,
 The time is now or never ;
 If Freedom falls before the slave,
 Her fall may be for ever.

Oh ! leave the sordid wretch behind
 To tremble o'er his treasure ;
 And the effeminate in mind,
 To roll in pride and pleasure :
 For heroes true have more in view,
 A higher hope they cherish,
 To rest amid a splendid fame
 Until creation perish.

A DIALOGUE

BETWIXT PETER SPINTHREED, A COTTON MANUFACTURER,
AND ZEKIL LITHEWETUR, A HAND LOOM WEAVER.

PETER.—Well Zekil, hasto' yerd o'th' reawt,
 'Ats takken place at Lundun ?
King George has turn't hissel abeawt,
 An' ministers are undun ;
Sin Liverpool laid bye his shoon,
 O' nait wi' gowden clinkers,
The growl has to a battle groon,
 An' Cannin's beat the blinkers.

ZEKIL.—An' what by that? he'r ne'er a friend
 To my poor hungry belly,
An' though he shift, unless he mend,
 He's still a nowty felley.
"No honest mon" sed Billy Pit,
 "Con ston i' sitch a station,"
An' he who creeps or flies to it,
 Mun sacrifice the nation.

PETER—Pshaw! none o' thy reformin' slang,
 Suspicious an' despondin',
 I tell thee, things win goo none wrang
 When Cannin' gets his hond in;
 He'll make the Yankees an' the Dons
 Buy cuts an' calimancos;
 Put th' Kurn-bill i' the divel's hors
 'At it no moor may dank us.

ZEKIL—O' that may be I dunna deawt,
 He's thick enoof wi' sooty;
 He'll bring moor marrokles abeawt
 I'th' way o' wage an' booty;
 But con he satisfy the debt,
 An' staunch thoose drainin' penshuns?
 Till then, a trade we ne'er shall get,
 For cawr "sublime invenshuns."

PETER—He'll geythur reawn'd him o' the peaw'r
 An' patronage o'th' nation;
 Ther's Lord M'Cringe, and Lord M'Keaw'r,
 Mun each fill op a station,
 Whilst Sir John Cop', mun sit at top,
 Upon a seck o' clippins;
 Eh! Zekil, that's a glorious shop,
 Wot carvings an' wot drippins.

ZEKIL—He geythnr ought? he'll geythnr nowt,
 Hooa tarries to be groated?
 These Tories are like summer brids,
 Wi' him they'n not be sawted,—(9)
 An' Wellinton has laft the drill,
 An' Lowther 's off i' anger,
 An' Peel has bowt a spinnin' mill,
 An' Eldon deawts no langer.

PETER—An' wot cares he if o' that swarm
 Desart his cause, an' hate him?
 One jink o' gowd will theawsuns arm
 Prepar't to vindicate him.
 O'er brucks an' briggs do gallop Whigs,
 Wi' whip an' spur unscanted,
 An' Brougham op to Lunnun trigs
 To see if he be wanted.

So Zekil, go to th' kitchin' door,
 To day theawst hav' a treatin'.
 An' presently was Zekil poor,
 Beside the window waitin',
 When forth coom Miss, all don'd i' silk,
 Enoof to captivate us,
 Hoo gan poor Zeke some buttermilk,
 An' a plate o' cowl potatoes.

HANNAH.

Tune,—"Shepherds, I have lost my Love."

Who is she o' form divine,
 Graceful as a swan? a
 Nymph that once I called mine,
 Tis my adored Hannah,
 Dark as starless night her hair,
 Curlin' to trepan a
 Heart that would not be aware,
 And so was caught by Hannah.
 Modest as the simplest flow'r
 Summer's gale doth fan, a
 Beauty fair, beyond compare,
 Was my adored Hannah.
 When she look'd, what lovely eyes,
 Lips as sweet as manna;
 Kisses soft, an' rosy sighs,
 Had my adored Hannah.
 Happy hours, 'mid dells and bow'rs,
 Ah! how swift they ran a
 Way wi' night and gowden day,
 O'er love—lost me and Hannah;
 But the truth should I impart,
 An' to fib, I canna,
 Cold and faithless prov'd the heart
 Of my adored Hannah.

LINES

Occasioned by the Death of Lord Byron, and by some circumstances connected with his short and unhappy life.

I saw the sun go down,
And in that dark'ning time,
From earth to sky, uprose the cry
Of many a tongue and clime.
By Valtos, where Botzaris fell,
The mailed chieftain stood and cried,
Until his fount of tears was dried,
And Britain too could tell,
How she had gloried in his day,
How mourned, when he had pass'd away.

And, as I look'd again, behold
A fearful sight advance ;
For up there came the cold, cold moon,
That dream'd not of a night so soon,
I mark'd her placid glance :
Serenely still she kept the sky,
Her head unbow'd, her tearless eye
Betray'd a mien that might not move,
At death, or agony, or love ;

And curl'd around her crested horn,
 I saw a snake of fire,
 That utter'd words of bitter scorn,
 Interminable ire—
 Dwelt on the tongue of that strange thing,
 That round and round the moon did cling,
 Of broken vows, of pride that bled,
 The burning reptile ever spoke,
 Anon, it toss'd its scaly head,
 That flash'd as if the lightning broke;
 When cruel words and passions woke,
 It nurs'd the flame, and kept it burning,
 To love, to duty, no returning
 Was ever known. No sigh, no tear,
 Hath stray'd from that unmelting sphere.

The present race of men shall die,
 Before another sun
 Arise so bright, or soar so high,
 As, lost one, thou hast done.
 The priest is laughing 'neath his robe,
 The tyrant of his throne;
 In hollow phrase they dole forth praise
 Far better let alone.
 The press, that should as air be free,
 Doth speak in guarded words of thee;
 Whilst bigotry and pow'r do stand,
 In dark conjunction o'er the land.

S O N G .
THE FAREWELL.

Farewell to Media's dells and bow'rs,
Farewell ye fragrant scented flow'rs,
No more your dewy tints I twine,
My love to deck with garland fine:
Farewell ye rindles, gushing clear,
Where often I have met my dear;
I now must bid a long adieu
To Media's lonely bow'rs and you.

Farewell ye honey-winged gales,
Farewell ye sloping hills and dales,
Ye waving woods that sweep the sky,
Ye daisy'd meads that lowly lie,
No more to pluck your sweets I rove,
My fond arm locked round my love;
I now must bid a long adieu
To Media's lonely bow'rs and you.

And fare thee well, my beauty dear,
Wipe from thy cheek that pearly tear,
Altho' I bid a long adieu
To Media's lonely bow'rs and you,
Again transported shall I sip
Sweet kisses from thy ruby lip,
And still my constant heart shall stay
With thee, when I am far away.

THE ROSY BEAUTY.

A little rosy beauty,
I chanced once to spy,
Within the lonely woodlands,
Were only she and I.
Oh ! tell me, precious jewel,
Why strayest thou alone ?
She smiling said I'm not afraid,
For I have injured none.

I come each morn a milking,
I come on ev'ry eve ;
But cushy now hath wander'd,
Thou lost, I do believe.
I'll go with thee and find her,
Each dell and copse I know,
And where the grass is sweetest,
And where the waters flow.

Where posies gay were springing,
 I led the artless maid,
 And where the birds were singing,
 Forgetfully we stray'd ;
 Where blossoms were the whitest,
 And where the sward was green,
 And where the rill was brightest,
 We found a path unseen.

And there I took occasion
 To speak of sundry things,—
 Of life,—its short duration,
 How riches make them wings,
 That true-love was a duty,
 A wond'rous pleasure too,
 And I whisper'd to that beauty,
 " Why may not I and you."

I know thee, my delighter,
 And thou hast heard my name,
 I'm not a maiden's sligher,
 Thou shalt not blush for shame.
 I took her to my bosom,
 And kiss'd her bonny mouth,
 And, Oh ! but it was sweeter
 Than honey from the south.

Awhile she stood confused,
 The tear was in her eye,
 The dove was all unused
 Unto that fearful joy.
 I sooth'd, and I caress'd her,
 Until she did incline ;
 And, if my love hath bless'd her,
 That blessed one is mine.

TO MY FATHER,

When in Deep Affliction.

Dark comes the luring storm with savage yell,
 The beaten bark upon the swelling deep,
 Bids the last fainting gleam of hope farewell,
 And yields reluctant to the mighty sweep,
 Unable now its wonted course to keep ;
 When He whose voice can hush the oceans roar,
 At whose command the waves lie down and sleep,
 In mercy guides it to some friendly shore,
 Where tempests cease to blow, where billows
 beat no more.

Dear, honour'd sire, though troubles round you press,
 Though dark and dreary is the scene before,
 The God of love may still of happiness
 Retain for you a never ending store.
 That mighty God, whom you in heart adore,
 Who spoke, and day serene sprang out of night,
 Who safe conducted Israel to the shore,
 And sank in death old Egypt's gathered might,
 Through the bewildering gloom can shed eternal light.

When Israel o'er the frightful desert toil'd,
 Did he not guide them in a cloud by day ?
 And through the night, with all its horrors wild,
 He in a flame of fire did lead the way
 Secure from foe that, lurking, yearn'd for prey,
 From burning winds, and whelming floods of sand;
 And when at Sin the prophet great did pray,
 He rained manna on the famish'd band,
 And at the rock of Horeb shew'd his mighty hand.

And when from Ahab good Elijah fled,
 And by the brook of Cherith did abide,
 He to the Lord did look, who sent him bread
 Both at the morn, and at the even tide ;
 The ravens wild, that roam the heaven's wide,
 Commanded by his God did him supply.
 Oh ! he will never, never leave your side,
 If you to Him do look with faithful eye
 The shafts of hate shall harmless round you fly.

Behold the prophet in the den confin'd,
 To death most horrid, cast a living prey,
 He on his God did rest his troubled mind,
 His God the lion's hungry jaws did stay,
 And turn'd their rage to mild tranquility.
 Oh! let us never doubt his power more,
 He who could hold the savage beasts at bay,
 Each comfort lost can speedily restore,
 And gild your evening sun with brighter glories
 o'er.

NAPOLEON.

Visions of surpassing splendour,
 Are ye then for ever o'er,
 Is there not a pow'r to render
 Joys which I have known before?
 Oh! ye waters unabiding,
 Hollow sea and hoary foam,
 Have ye not a vessel riding,
 That may come to bear me home?
 Greatness I have lost exceeding,
 All that hath been lost before,
 Though bereft, and torn, and bleeding,
 Meanest hate inflicteth more,

To this pile, all burnt and riven,
 Wildest scene beneath the sky,
 Would a gen'rous foe have driven
 Forth a warrior chief to die?

'Neath, above, and all around are
 Rock, and heav'n and ocean dark,
 Ah! *my* dove hath never found her
 Passage to this lonely ark.
 I, whose name shall be the story
 Of a never dying lay,
 Perish whilst my meed of glory
 Lightens to eternity.

L I N E S

On the death of my friend, Joseph Taylor, of Oldham.

Oh death, how placid is thy sleep,
 The seal of an eternal rest;
 No breath to sigh, no tear to weep,
 No trouble to disturb that breast;
 The music of thy voice is o'er,
 Thine eye shall wake to light no more.

Death comes, and none may linger then,
 The great one from his throne descends,
 And mingles with his fellow men,
 And all his pomp and splendour ends ;
 And with the lowest lieth he,
 Forgetful of his dignity.

And he, who in a low estate,
 Hath mourn'd beside that guilty throne,
 Is on a level with the great,
 Whose grave shall be as dark and lone ;
 For when a tyrant bows the head,
 What tears of love are ever shed ?

O ! may we live a worthy life,
 And may we die a worthy death ;
 Whether we fall in freedom's strife,
 Or calmly we resign our breath ;
 There is the voice of truth to tell,
 Of him who has deserved well.

THE WEAVER BOY.

Oh stay, oh stay, thou lady gay,
 And deign to lend an ear ;
 Fair lady, seekest thou thy love ?
 Thy truest love is here.

And how dost thou presume to love,
 The lady gay replied,
 A maid so much thy rank above,
 Both rich and dignified?
 Hence simple boy, and learn to know
 That ladies do not look so low.

Oh stay, oh stay, thou lady gay,
 With tears the youth did cry,
 And the gentle maid once more hath stay'd,
 Before the pleading boy.
 My station thou art far above,
 That truth too well I know;
 Since thou hast bought with gold my love,
 And yet contemn'st me so.
 And how is 't that the maid did say,
 Speak, for I can no longer stay.

Fair lady, as at work I sat,
 And wrought that garment fine,
 A winged child, who lisp'd and smil'd,
 Foretold it should be thine;
 He took a fibre from my heart,
 And trac'd that pattern dear,
 And dy'd it in my love-warm blood,
 And wash'd it with my tear.
 With melting eye the maid did say,
 Take comfort till another day.

WOLSEY'S GRAVE.

*Written after visiting the ruins of the Abbey at Leicester,
September, 1829.*

Now Wolsey was in olden time,
A man of high renown ;
And I went forth to seek his grave,
Close by fair Leicester town :
I stood beside the ruin'd wall,
And a damsel passed by,
And I said, " come shew me maiden fair,
Where doth Lord Wolsey lie."

" Lord Wolsey sir, there is no lord
Within these Abbey gates,
There's only Master Warner here,
The land who cultivates,
And Mistress Warner, and the maids,
And the pretty children dear,
And the men that in the garden dig,
Lord Wolsey is not here."

An old man labour'd in the ground,
 His locks were silver grey,
 I said, "where is Lord Wolsey's grave?
 Come shew to me I pray."
 He, from his labour ceas'd awhile,
 And rested on his spade ;
 And when he told me he was deaf,
 I repeated what I'd said.

" Lord Wolsey? why I never heard
 Of such a man before,
 And I am old enough to know,
 I'm upwards of fourscore ;
 There's Well'sley, he is still alive,
 Who fought through France and Spain,
 My Jack went with him to the wars,
 But he ne'er return'd again."

A lady in that garden stray'd,
 And her I next address'd,
 " Pray madam, could you point to me
 The place of Wolsey's rest?"
 And she said, " neither heap nor sod,
 Nor stone, nor pillar grey
 Was left to indicate the spot
 Where the once proud Wolsey lay."

THE VOICE OF GLENDOUR.

"Come to glory, come with Glendour,
Freedom sheds immortal splendour ;
Owain's battle-flag is flying,
Maids and wives are wildly crying,
Warriors' souls are cheering o'er us,
Shame behind, and death before us,
Shame, if basely we surrender,
Die, or conquer, then with Glendour.

Ye of ancient race, and purest,
Freedom is your guardian surest,
Could ye bear to live degraded,
Scorn'd as cowards and upbraided ?
Maids of Cymru would ye lose them,
If the lordly Saxon chose them ?
Freedom, love, are worth defending,
All are on your arms depending.

As the sullen thunder breaketh,
Now the roar of war awaketh ;
From unclouded hills and vallies,
All the pride of Cymru rallies,—(10)
See her mailed army shining,
Like a scaly serpent twining,
Gripe the pard within thy folding,—(11)
'Till his death unlocks thine holding."

SONG.

TUNE.—“*Burn's Farewell.*”

Sweet is the bonny blushing rose,
 When playing with the morning breeze ;
 Sweet is the passing wind that blows
 Wild music through the waving trees ;
 But she is sweeter far than these,
 The angel nymph of whom I sing ;
 The blushing rose, the scented breeze,
 Compared with her, no sweets can bring.

The setting sun hangs o'er yon hills,
 Where howling tempests ever blow,
 And winter grey the vallies fills,
 With fields of ice and floods of snow ;
 More lovely is her chasten'd glow,
 Than that which decks the orb of day ;
 Her bosom fairer than the snow
 That on the tempest wing doth play.

Her eyes are like the azure sky,
 Her yellow locks in ringlets twin'd,
 Her teeth are white as ivory ;
 In her is ev'ry grace combin'd ;
 But, timid as the stately hind,
 She turneth from her love away ;
 My wounded heart no cheer doth find,
 My darkness sees no distant ray.

LINES,

Written at the Blue Ball, Rochdale.

There's a little crude knot,
Who visit this spot,
What wonderful statesmen they'd make,
How unfortunate they,
From "the helm" are away,
They'd rectify every mistake.

Without stop or pause,
They'd give us new laws,
And the spirit of trade would revive ;
Huzza ! what a buzz,
About woollen and fuz,
The markets would all be alive.

Their converse how wise,
Man, open your eyes,
And list to their sayings profound ;
About Hollingworth dam,
And the fishes that swam,
And the bull-heads and stock-baits they found.

And if a strange wight,
 From the road and the night,
 Step in, and a refuge should claim;
 How the wise acres pose,
 How they snuff with their nose,
 To catch his profession and name.

With wit he is stunn'd,
 He's baited and dunn'd,
 But the wit is a wit of their own;
 Both vulgar and dull,
 Their skulls being full
 Of notions that long have been known.

I leave them this time,
 With this merciful rhyme,
 I wish not to flog very hard;
 If their manners dont mend,
 Ere next I attend,
 They shall feel all the ire of a bard.

A HEAD PIECE.

I'll begin with her hair,—
 It is comely and fair,
 And the witch hath wrought her tresses
 Into many a snare.

Like a rampart of snow,
 Her forehead doth show ;
 And from her arched eyebrows,
 I looked down below.

And what do I see?
 Oh ! a bonny wick o'e,
 In the language of heaven
 It is speaking to me.

Next her nose doth arise,
 Dividing her eyes ;
 'Tis just what a nose should be,
 In form and in size.

And the lily so meek
 May be found on her cheek ;
 And the blush of the rosebud,
 It hath not to seek.

That posey is sweet,
 Its beauty complete,
 Where the rose and the lily fair
 Together do meet.

I cannot o'erskip,
 Her bonny red lip,
 All hung with melting kisses,
 For her true love to sip.

Were it not a sin,
 I should worship her chin ;
 When it shews that little dimple,
 And a cupid within.

To finish my dear,
 Let me peep at her ear ;
 Ah the lock and the gowden ring,
 Are revelling there.

THE WANDERERS.

The rain beat sore and the wind did roar ;
 It blew November's blast so chill ;
 And dreary was the morn when a maid forlorn,
 Came wand'ring over the Tandle hill.

Her cheeks were like the rose, and her eyes black as
 sloes,

But oh they were streaming with tears so free,
 And ere she passed by she heavily did sigh,
 And I knew the lovely maid but she knew not me.

"Thou bonny damsel stay, and me forgive I pray,
 For daring to question that pearly tear ;
 But much I wish to know the cause of thy woe,
 And why a maid so lovely wand'reth here."

“ My mother dear is dead, and my father hath wed
 A dame whom he found in a distant town ;
 This morn by break of day he turn'd me away,
 And I to seek a home am for Oldham bound’.

Were that my only woe these tears would cease to flow,
 For I have heart and hand my bread to gain ;
 But the lad I loved well on the field of battle fell,
 And he will never more return from Spain.”

She wept as she spake as if her heart would break,
 And said, “ I think of him when I look on thee ;
 But Sebastian was strong, and the battle lasted long,
 And he died with the flower of our infantry.”

And then adown her face the tears ran apace,
 And sweet were the tears of our sympathy ;
 But I doff'd my hat o' grey, my frock I flung away,
 And the lovely maiden shriek'd as she flew to me.

Oh how can I express the gush of happiness,
 Which burst like a flood on my troubled heart :
 My love remained kind, whom I long had left behind,
 And we now were united, never more to part.

Oh thou bonny green hill, my heart with joy doth thrill,
 When I see but a glimpse of thy shady grove,
 For then I call to mind, when we sought that shelter
 kind,
 How enraptured I clasp'd in my arms my love.

NOTES.

NOTE I, PAGE XVII.

OAPHIN, as pronounced by the inhabitants of the district, or Alphan, as spelled by some authors, is a high, and when clear from snow, dark looking hill, in the parish of Saddleworth, and the West Riding of the county of York. It is a prominent object in nearly all the elevated views in the Eastern and Southern parts of the county of Lancaster; and is distant from the borders of the county about four miles. There are many reasons for supposing that this mountainous district was an occasional retreat, if not a permanent residence, of the Britons, ere they disappeared before their Saxon and Danish invaders. At the foot of the Northern and most elevated part of OAPHIN, runs the small river Tame, watering a fertile valley, beautiful when smiling in the calm sunshine; and further again to the North, opposite to OAPHIN, rises the crag of Oaderman; "The giant snouted crage, ho, ho!"

Here is, or recently was, a remarkable upright stone called "Th' owd Mon," said to have been an object of worship with the Britons, probably also with the Pagan Saxons; as its name, as well as that of the hill on which it stands, is derived from their language. At a short distance, on the same ridge of hill, is a rock called "the Pancake;" supposed to have been a Druidical altar. In the third volume of *The Memoirs of the Literary and Philosophical Society of Manchester*, it is described as "of an irregular square form, with obtuse angles," having "on its surface four basons hollowed in the stone; the largest, being nearly in the centre, is capable of holding eight or ten gallons." There is also a hollow, or trough upon it, called "Robin Hood's bed," probably used for the reception of sacrificial victims, whilst the four hollows were calculated to contain either fire or liquids. Possibly on this altar sacrifices were offered to Oaderman. In the vicinity are vestiges of British and Roman roads, and their fortifications at Melandra, Buckton, and Castle Shaw may still be traced.

NOTE II, PAGE XIII.

As it is possible that this humble attempt to describe the accomplishments of one of the best of winders, may have the honour to be perused by some of her fair countrywomen, who are not adepts in the truly primitive and feminine art of winding bobbins or cones for weavers; be it known to them that it is deemed a far more difficult task to make a good, firm, and even-threaded bobbin from a hank of worsted, than from either cotton or silk; those materials, being with the present improved machinery, manufactured into a more perfect thread.

NOTE III, PAGE XIV.

Friday is with weavers generally a busy or "downing day,"---the day on which they finish weaving and take the cloth from the loom, to prepare it for the sale-room, the day following; else no broth, no pudding on Sunday. It is therefore of some consequence that a weaver should not be suffered to wait for bobbins on Friday.

NOTE IV, PAGE XXVI.

Jeremiah Brandreth, William Turner, and —— Ludlam, were executed at Derby, in November, 1817, after having been tried, with fifteen others, and found guilty of High Treason. The whole were victims of a plot proposed and matured by the villain Oliver, the paid and protected agent of the Sidmouth and Castlereagh administration. The conduct of Brandreth, both in prison, and on the scaffold, was represented in the public prints as being such as would have done honour to any sufferer, and it required not any great exercise of the imagination to picture such a man, so circumstanced, as expressing all the sentiments of the soliloquy. The Turners were most unfortunate, William was executed, and his brother and nephew, a youth of nineteen years of age, were transported for life. There are some harrowing details connected with the event, their mother died shortly after, it is said, of a broken heart. The fifteen others were transported for life; five have since died, and the remaining ten have, through the interference of humane friends, received each a free pardon, and will probably once more return to their native land.

NOTE V, PAGE XXXVII.

In idea and expression, there is considerable similarity betwixt this poem and the "King Death" of Barry Cornwall. The *Pass of Death* was published in the *Morning Herald* very soon after Mr. Canning's decease, probably before his funeral took place. "King Death," if the author mistakes not, made its appearance long afterwards.

NOTE VI, PAGE XLI.

The Lancashire Hymn was written with a view to its being sung at a public meeting for reform about the beginning of the year 1818. It was suggested by a well-wisher to the cause of reform, that the introduction, on such occasions, of national hymns and songs, to national tunes, would create a greater energy and accordance of feeling amongst the people; but the idea was discountenanced, *as an innovation on established forms*, by one or two persons whose opinions were then of much weight with reformers; and who seemingly could not imagine that any thing was so edifying or useful as their own interminable harangues. The hymn was accordingly withdrawn for that time, and appeared afterwards in the *Manchester Observer*.

NOTE VII, PAGE XLVIII.

This passage refers to the fate of an early play-mate, who went to sea and was lost. For years he was before the author, both in his sleeping dreams and waking reveries. He could not believe that his friend had ceased to exist, but consoled himself by the persuasion that he had only disappeared for a time in captivity, and would certainly return. Alas! he has never returned.

NOTE VIII, PAGE XLVIII.

Two brothers, James and Samuel Bamford, young men, and both serjeants in the 6th regiment of foot, fell at the battle of Orthes, in France. The following copy of a letter from Lieutenant-Colonel Campbell to their aged and afflicted mother, does himself nearly as much honour as the two brothers.

" Kingston, Upper Canada, 10th August, 1814.

" MADAM,

I regret that the circumstance of the 1st battalion 6th. regiment being eternally in motion, has prevented my communicating with you on the subject of your worthy, and by me, lamented sons, since they fell in their country's service at the battle of Orthes, on the 27th of last February. The eldest died on the field of action, the death of a gallant soldier; the younger, in consequence of a severe wound received on that day, died in the hospital on the 12th of March following. They were both serjeants; both bore excellent characters, and their loss has been sincerely mourned by every one that knew them. The only consolation you can have, or I can convey to you for their loss, is the conviction that they lost their lives, bravely maintaining their country's rights and national character.

(Signed)

" A. CAMPBELL,

" Lieutenant-Colonel, Commanding 6th Regiment.

" Mrs. Ann Bamford, Middleton."

Major J. Thomas Robertson, of the same battalion bore still higher testimony to the merits of these two heroes "unknown to fame." In a letter to the managers of the Patriotic Fund, dated Chippawa, 10th Dec. 1814; he begged in the strongest manner to "recommend the case of the Widow Bamford, of Middleton, in Lancashire, the mother of the two serjeants Bamford, who were killed in the battle of Orthes on the 27th February;" and added,— "As the Commanding-Officer of the corps they so honourably served in, he has to repeat that the conduct of these two individuals was unexceptionable in their respective situations. Their zealous attention to their various duties had long marked them for promotion; and their gallantry and bravery on the day in which they unfortunately fell, was the admiration of every man in the regiment who witnessed it." And to his own honour he goes on:—"Under these circumstances, it is but the duty of the officer in command of their regiment to request attention to their unfortunate mother; and if any relief can be afforded her from the patriotic fund, he conceives no person can have so strong a claim to it." The widowed and heart-broken mother never received a single farthing from the fund.

NOTE IX, PAGE LXVII.

It is well known that boys are sometimes sufficiently sanguine to expect taking birds by laying salt to their tails ; so, some of Mr. Canning's friends doubtless expected the old Tories would be caught, and brought over to strengthen his administration ; but,

“ Wi' him they'd not be sawted.”

NOTE X, PAGE LXXXII.

Cymru, Wales, is pronounced Kumry, and is probably either the root of, or a derivation from Gomery, the Country of Gomer ; which would lead to the conclusion that Gomer was the founder of the ancient Britons. The following passage in Genesis, would seem to point to such a circumstance :—

“ The sons of Japheth ; Gomer, and Magog, and Magai, and Javan, and Tubal, and Meshech, and Tiras. And the sons of Gomer ; Ashkenaz and Riphath, and Togarmah. And the sons of Javan ; Elishah, and Tarshish, Kittim, and Dodanim. By these were the isles of the Gentiles divided in their lands ; every one after his tongue, after their families, in their nations.---*Genesis* ch. x., v. 2---5.

NOTE XI, PAGE LXXXII.

The cognizance of the ancient kings of England, was—Three Leopards en passant on a Field or.

GLOSSARY.

lindle. A small stream of water, smaller than a brook.

Noonin. The short respite from labour after the dinner meal, when the youth of both sexes go to play for half an hour; those of mature age smoke their pipes or converse, and the aged repose. This is to have their "Noonin."

Beet the fire. To kindle the fire.

Flake. Bread-flake, or, as commonly pronounced *braid-flake*. A frame of wood, laced with cords at certain distances, and suspended from the ceiling. The oaten cakes used in Lancashire and Yorkshire, are laid on the *flakes* to dry, when they become crisp, and are excellent eating with good butter; not amiss either, with a beef rasher or with toasted cheese and ale.

Lee. The same as lea, an open piece of ground uncultivated.

Wheer arto beawn? Where art thou going?

Kesmus, Christmas.

Saup, sup.

Hont, hand.

Reet, right.

Reawk, gather up, or gather together; hence a common saying, "They're reawkin' together."

Seawk, suck.

Greawnd, ground.

Yerd, heard.

Rowk, rolled.

Breawn, brown.

Deawn, down.

Nook, a shelter, a recess.

Hasto? hast thou?

Reawt, rout.

Abeawt, about.

Groon, grown.

Nouty, naughty.

Felley, fellow.

Sitch, such.

Mun, must.

Win, will.

Goo, go.

Cuts, pieces of cloth, particularly calicoes.

Kurn-bill, corn-bill.

Moor, more.

Dank, damp.

Dunna, do not.

Deawt, doubt.

Enoof, enough.

Sooty, the devil.

Marrokles, miracles

Eawr, our.

Geyther, gather.

Reawnd, round.

Clippings, wool.

Wot, what.

Nowt, nothing.

Hooa, who.

Turries, stops.

Brids, birds.

Jink, jingle.

Gowd, gold.

Brucks, brooks.

Brigs, bridges; a term more used in Yorkshire than Lancashire.

Theawst, thou shalt.

Coom, came.

Don'd, dress'd.

Hoo, she.

Gan, gone.

Cowd, cold.

Yerth, earth.

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ERRATA.

Page 8, line 10 from the top, erase the *e* in the last syllable
of Glendour.

Page 56, line 11 from the top, instead of *boast* read *host*.

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